Democratic Northwest.

Women's Rights.

MR. EDITOR:—In alluding to the above I will make a few remarks as a prelude to the following remarks:

Man was created after the image of God, possessed with an internal perception, which signifies celestial. Man was created possessing the principle of the understanding, and woman was created with the will principle, and those principles when conjoined constituted a marriage. But alas, man fell and has been getting lower and lower ever since. But to the subject. The word woman has a high signification in very many places; in the Word of the Lord it signifies the Church. I will only refer to one, Rev. 12, and there appeared a great sign in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars: the sun signifies love, and the moon faith, and the stars signify intelligence and wisdom.

The principle of affection is deeply implanted in the majority of women, but it never becomes fully developed until they become mothers, it then gushes forth like an overflowing fountain. My mother was the mother of sixteen children; I loved my mother most intensely, and I know that love was reciprocated, and although dead, she yet speaketh; for be it known a good influence never dies, and *vice versa*, a bad influence is always dyeing, but never dies. I wish not to be misunderstood in relation to the rights of women. No man has a greater respect for the rights of women than myself; but when I hear the question agitated as it is at the present day, that women should have the right to vote at our elections, and even go so far as to claim the right to a seat in our legislative halls, I do not hesitate to say that it is contrary to sound reason, and it appears to me that there is a great lack of common sense. I am glad however in saying that there are comparatively few women possessed of this masculine principle.

But again, when we see a few men and women claiming the right to mingle with our municipal, political or ecclesiastical laws, I can but think such women do not understand the nature of true womanhood and such men are lacking of good common sense. I believe that St. Paul when he said let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak. I think that St. Paul had reference to ecclesiastical affairs. I cannot think that good old St. Paul could have been so far beside himself as to forbid the sisters to speak in the social prayer meeting or class meeting, if they had any such in those days.

But some I presume will say that we do not propose to elevate women that are raising families, we propose to elect young women; well, that may do. Suppose then we elect one half young women, and the other half young men, would not that be a nice place for the young officials to select a good housewife?

A few short anecdotes and I will close for this time.

The first will be a pill for my Infidel friends to swallow. In whose principles said the dying daughter of Ethan Allen to her skeptical father shall I die? Yours or my Christian mothers? The stern old hero of Ticonderoga brushed away a tear from his eye as he turned away, and with the same rough voice which summoned the British to surrender, now tremulous with deep emotion, said: in your Christian mother's, child, in your mother's.

Benjamin Franklin was accustomed to refer to his mother in the tenderest tone of filial affection.

Scotland, with her well known reverence for motherhood, insists that "an ounce of mother is worth more than a pound of clergy."

Napoleon cherished a high conception of a mother's power, and that mothers would shape the destinies of his beloved France.

Mahommed expressed a great truth when he said that "Paradise is at the feet of mothers."

John Randolph was once heard to say that only one thing saved him from atheism, and that was the tender remembrance of the hour when a devout mother, kneeling by his side, took his little hand in hers, and taught him to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven."

That pure writer—T. S. Arthur: For myself I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man.

When a boy I was too much like the self-willed inevitable C——; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper.

Henry Clay, the pride and honor of his country, always expressed feelings of profound affection for his mother. An habitual correspondence existed between them to the last hour of life. Mr. Clay ever spoke of her as a model of female excellence; and when this great statesman came to die, his last words were mother, mother, mother.

When I was a boy and resided in the city of Boston, a young man was thrown from a fractious horse and was much injured; a crowd gathered around him, amongst which was an old lady who expressed much sympathy for the young man. A bystander looked at the old lady and asked her, madam, is this your son? No, she replied, but he is somebody's son.

Now then, the above boys did not have to go to the polls among the rabble, nor to the legislative halls to find their mothers; for any true woman would scorn the idea of being found at such places.

J. W. H.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

A Pennsylvania Woman's Fight With Two Bears.

[Baltimore Special to Chicago Tribune.]

Mr. Thaddaeus Nevans, of Waynesboro Pa., who arrived here to-day from up in the Blue Ridge Chain, reports an exciting adventure among the mountains by Lottie Merrill, the handsome huntress of Wayne county, who, a few days since, had a terrible tussle with a big black bear, in which she vanquished the beast but received serious injuries herself. The narrative, as told by the plucky Lottie to Mr. Nevans, is that on last Saturday, just after the great sleet storm which swept over the country, she determined to go out on the mountains and look for game. Accordingly she donned her pantaloons of doeskin, blue cloth blouse and big snow shoes, and sallied forth, carrying with her, of course, her trusty rifle and a brace of pistols. While crossing a marsh, just before ascending the mountain, she discovered footprints of a bear. Her huntress heart was delighted, and she started up the mountains on the trail. She soon found bruin's home in a cave in the rocks, and on a bed of leaves were lying two little cubs no bigger than kittens. She captured the prize and was retreating, when she encountered an immense she bear, the mother of the cubs, who had scented the stranger. Before Lottie could draw her rifle to her shoulder the animal was upon her and grasping her in her paws, gave her such a terrible spueeze that she fainted, when the bear, thinking her dead, released her grip. She fortunately regained her consciousness quickly and while the old bear was playing with her cubs the plucky huntress drew her rifle and shot her in the side. The bullet did not strike the animal's heart and as the brute dashed at her again, Lottie drew her hunting knife and with one bold stroke nearly severed the bear's head from the body. Congratulating herself upon her narrow escape, the brave huntress picked up the cubs and started homeward. She had proceeded but a short distance, however, when she encountered another of the savage beasts, the mate of the one she had killed. Although her rifle was unloaded, the brave little woman, born and bred among the mountains' dangers, retained her nerve. Unsheathing her clasp knife as the beast approached her, she plunged it into his throat but he had caught her for the fatal hug. It was a struggle for life or death and the brave woman fought desperately. During the struggle the girl and bear reached the edge of the clift nearly 100 feet high, and sloping at an angle of 44 degrees down to the Wallinpaupack Creek. As the animal grabbed Lottie, he commenced sliding on the terrible crust down this almost perpendicular slope. Lottie was carried with him, and every foot of the distance traversed added to their velocity. When they reached the foot of the slope they struck against a tree, completeiy killing the bear, and breaking two of Lottie's ribs and dislocating her right arm. She was picked up insensible by some hunters and taken to her home in Damascus, Wayne County, where she lies in a critical conditon. This is the third miraculous escape this woman has had among the mountains. Lottie is well known throughout Western Maryland and across the Pennsylvania border. The male bear which she killed weighed 484 pounds.

How Plate Glass is Made.

In the manufacture of plate glass the compound is put into pots to be melted in furnaces, each furnace containing a number of these receptacles. When the glass has become sufficiently melted and boiled, the heat is gradually decreased so as to allow the scum to rise to the surface, the glass then acquiring the slight degree of viscidity suitable for casting. The blocks forming a part of the side of the furnace are then removed, and the pots by the use of cranes, are taken bodily out of the furnace and transferred on trucks by railways to another crane situated over the casting table. This consists of a massive slab, usually of cast-iron, supported by a frame. Formerly bronze was used, but cast-iron was found less liable to crack. On each side of the table are ribs, or bars of metal, which keeps the glass within proper limits, and by their height, determine the thickness of the plate. A heavy iron roller, or cylinder, resting upon these bars, extends across the table. The pots containing the molten glass are then raised one by one, by the use of the crane over the casting-table and the contents poured upon the smooth surface of the table. As simple as it seems, this operation requires to be done by men of experience to prevent the air from causing bubbles.

The heavy roller is then applied, spreading out the glass in a sheet of uniform breadth and thickness. The operation is a beautiful one from the brilliancy of the great surface of the melted glass, and the variety of colors exhibited upon it after the passage of the roller. The glass is usually rolled to the thickness of about half an inch, which the polishing reduces about one-half. The casting-table is usually near the annealing oven, the floor of which is on a level with the flat surface of the table. The glass is thus easily slid from the table into the annealing oven, the tempature of which is that of dull redness.

It is left in the oven about five days, long enough to allow it to become thoroughly toughened and annealed; and the next process is the polishing, which is the most important of all, and involves three operations. In the first the glass is laid flat on a revolving table, and the polishing operation is begun with coarse sand, and finished with fine sand. In the second operation the work is begun with coarse emery and finished with fine emery. The third operation is different from the others, and requires more labor. The glass is embedded in plaster on a moving table and polished down with oxide of iron, felt pads, moving in an opposite direction and bearing upon the glass, rubbing the solution upon the surface of the glass. The three processes usually wears away about one-half of the thickness of the glass, which is thus left about a quarter of an inch thick, though plate glass is manufactured twice this thickness. Plate glass is made in sheets containing one hundred and thirty-five square feet, but as a rule, it is manufactured in smaller sheets. It is then cut into the sizes desired by means of glaziers' diamonds.

A Business Proposition.

In Galveston, says the News, there is no coin of a lower denomination than a nickle in circulation. This is, of course, a great inconvenience. For instance, yesterday two quarrelled on the avenue. The bigger man of of the two said to the smaller man:

"For three cents I'll give you the confoundest licking you ever got in your life."

The little man looked wicked. He had his coat off in a minute. Then he took out a nickel, and tendered it to the other party, who said:

"I said I'd lick you for three cents, and I'll do it. That's five cents. Gimme three cents, and I'll fix you so the coroner will have to hire a hack to get enough of you together to hold an inquest."

"You can keep the change," said the little fellow, edging up.

"I'm like the country, I dont want any change. I stick to my proposition. Gimme three cents and I'll destroy you."

"Here is fifteen cents. Suppose you lick me five times, and then it will come out even."

"After I've licked you once there won't be enough left over for a dog to lick. I'm not going to rob your widow and orphans of twelve cents. Gimme three cents and the trouble can begin right now. It s not my fault there are no copper cents in circulation."

The Best Rice Pudding.

This rice pudding is the best ever made in spite of the fact that it is the cheapest. The secret of its perfection is the long cooking it gets. For a six o'clock dinner the rice and milk should be put on early in the forenoon. The best thing to cook it in is a double kettle. Let it simmer on the back of the stove—it must never boil—until a couple of hours before dinner. It will then be a thick, creamy substance. Then salt and sweeten it to taste put it into a pudding dish, and bake it in a moderate oven until it is of a jelly like thickness and the top is slightly browned. It can be eaten either hot or cold. If the latter is preferred, the pudding may be made the day before, if that is most convenient. If desired a flavoring may be added. This is emphatically the perfect pudding of its kind.

Very Dangerous.

F. Burrows, of the firm of Burrows & Winstantly, Sarnia and Wilkesport, writes that he was cured of a very dangerous case of inflamation of the lungs solely by the use of five bottles of Eclectric Oil. Feels great pleasure in recommending it to the public, as he had proved it, for many of the diseases it mentions to cure, through his friends, and in nearly every instance it was effected. For sale by J. C. Saur.

Mrs. Garibaldi is thus described by a newspaper correspondent: "She is a capital nurse and very kind and devoted to the General. She puts him to sleep as if he were a baby, and then locks him up in his bedroom, if she is obliged to go away, so that he may not be disturbed. When they were living at Frascati, a few years ago, a disputation came all the way from Viterbo to visit the 'General of the Mille,' or Thousand. When the committee arrived, the members were told that it was impossible to see Garibaldi, as he was asleep. Donna Francesca had locked him in the bedroom, and gone off to Rome on business, with the key in her pocket. 'But we must see him,' the committee members cried. 'We have come all the way from Viterbo.' The reply was: 'Impossible, unless you can wait until Donna Francesca returns.' They could not wait, and had to go back to Viterbo without an interview with the old General.

Webster as a Farmer.

To the end of his long and busy life, Daniel Webster retained the love of the country and of farming which he acquired in his childhood. It was always with joy that he returned from the scenes of his public labors and triumphs to his cosy home at Marshfield and his well-tilled fields at Franklin. The quiet pursuits of the farm; the planning of his crops; the rearing of his cattle, his sheep, his pigs and hens; the improvements in cultivating lands; the care of his horses—all interested the great statesman fully as keenly as graver questions of State, and oratorical victories at the Capitol.

One day he asked his son Fletcher and a friend who was visiting him, to go out with him to the barn and see his cattle. He fed them with delight, and turning to his companions with a smile, said:

'I like this. I had rather be here than in the Senate. It is better company.'

When at Washington, engaged in absorbing duties as Senator or Secretary of State, he seldom let a day pass without writing to his farm-overseers at Marshfield and Franklin, telling them just what to plant and what to plow, what horses to buy and what cattle to sell. Webster discovered the value of kelp, or seaweed, as a rich manure for land, and brought it into general use in his neighborhood. He was probably as skillful a farmer as lived in New England, and showed the same wisdom in this as in public affairs.

A View of the House from the Galleries

From the galleries of the House of Representatives popular government appears to consist of a confused mass of desks and desultory men—the desks littered with books and papers, and the men continually walking about in every direction; of a vast amount of private correspondence, a relay of page-boys obeying a Turkish magnificence of clapped hands from this and that member to do his errands; and a monotonous droning by the clerks, together with a minimum of oratory. All this against a dignified background of cigar smoke in the lobbies, and of coat-rooms and barber shops, where Congressmen lounge and joke, or confer on coming measures. It is also apparent, from the amount of work done with the penknife, that the House is determined to have order as to its finger-nails, whatever may be the fate of puolic business in this respect. You hear some half-audible speaking, but the general walking, talking, and rustling suggest how Demosthenes, if he had enjoyed the privilege of a seat in this body, might have dispensed with the aid of the sea.

Then a division takes place, and members pour in from the lobbies, the restaurant, the committee-rooms, to pass like a drove of sheep between two tellers. The efforts of inexperienced or unimportant members to get attention are pathetic. One is perpetually swaggering about, but never speaks; another gets up and murmurs, but being ignored by all parties, sits down, with a ghastly disappointment, and tries to look as if he did not feel he was being looked at; another, with Chadband hair, rises for information, asking in a bland voice a question so needless that some one on the other side answers it, to save the Speaker's time, and Chadband, after swaying uncertainly on his toes for an instant subsides so abruptly that he can't at once recover the use of his limbs sufficiently to steal away toward a cloak-room. Yet at almost any moment, except in the 'morning hour' and on 'private bill day,' an exciting and masterly discussion may begin, which promptly fills the chairs, and enchains every listener. The general demeanor of the House, too, is more business like, excepting for the amount of preoccupation, than that of the House of Commons. Those who come to look on, with imaginations trained by history and the press, are grieved to go away without seeing a single member spring at another's throat, or even call him a liar. The homogeneity of the faces and persons on the floor is another point for remark. It is clear that Americans are Americans, however wide asunder their abodes may be, and it occurs to one that if the representatives of different sections were to get hopelessly mixed up and changed about some day, it would produce no incongruity so far as their outward appearance is concerned. To imagine these comfortable gentlemen arrayed, in their frock-coats of identical make, of opposite sides in a civil war, or as the lawgivers of separate confederacies, would be grotesque, if the reality a few years ago had not been so tragic. A few distinctions of East, South and West may perhaps be traced in the physiognomies, but individual peculiarities assert themselves far more strongly. The man of the people, with his indifferent neck-tie and 'well-met' manner; the snug, well-to-do lawyer; the 'elegant speaker;' the richest members, with heads partially bald and faces seamed with fine wrinkles, wearing a look of long resignation to the collection of dividends; or the plethoric, rosy-faced man who gains his point by private Champagne rather than public speech; the quiet gentleman of refined manners; and the gory antagonist—all these, and other types besides, may be sharply discriminated without regard to State or geographical lines. It has grown to be the fashion to say that Congress accomplishes nothing except to disturb trade, but if that is so, it is not due to idleness. Accomplishing nothing was never before so laborious a task. House members are the busiest people in the country, with their caucuses, their incessant committee meetings, their speeches and preparation, their dense correspondence with constituents, and interviews with visitors. The House, too, turns out a vast amount of work, its committees being efficient agencies for transacting business. Every day you find in the Document Room a fresh armful of newly printed bills, many of which are trash, to be sure, but harmless. The real and great defect of the popular branch is its fatal capacity for distorting, maiming, or destroying good measures matured in committee, by unforeseen amendments carried in general debate. A few laudable enactments, however, always survive this general massacre of infant bills and we must remember that the amendments often represent a wholesome watchfulness against special class or private legislation. Whatever the evils of Congress, finally, they are faithful reflections of the avarice, ambition, or low sense of honor in the communities there represented; and the people do not do wisely to sneer at their own exposed deformity, without trying to remedy it by cultivating morals more assiduously in business and in political opinion.—GEO. P. LATHROP, *Harper's Magazine for March.*

Badly Bitten.

Peter Kieffer, cor. Clinton and Bennett streets, Buffalo, says: I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago and was induced by a friend who witnessed the occurrence to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds. For sale by J. C. Saur.

Legal Notice.

Brown Anderson
vs.
Andrew Peterson et. al.

In Henry county Court of Common Pleas.

OLLE KLING one of said defendents in this action and whose place of residence and whereabouts are unknown to said plaintiff, will take notice that said Brown Anderson, plaintiff and a resident of Defiance county, Ohio, on the 10th day of December, A. D., 1880, filed his petition in the Court of Common Pleas within and for said county of Henry in said State of Ohio, against the said Andrew Peterson, Ida Ellen Peterson and Olle Kling, defendents, setting forth that on the 4th day of January, 1878, at Wood county, Ohio, the said Andrew Peterson and his wife, Ida Peterson, gave a mortgage to one John Swanton on that part of the n ½ of the nw ¼ of the sw ¼ of section 16, in township 5 north, range 8 east, in Henry county, Ohio, which lies north of the Mansfield, Coldwater and Lake Michigan Railroad line, containing twenty acres of land more or less, to secure the payment of $107 according to certain notes referred to in said mortgage—that on the 3rd day of August, 1878, said Andrew Peterson and his wife, Ida Ellen Peterson, gave their certain other mortgage on the premises above described to one Andrew M. Anderson to secure the payment of $300 according to a certain note referred to in said mortgage; that since the execution of said mortgages the said Andrew Peterson and Ida Ellen Peterson have duly conveyed said premises to said Olle Kling, and that said plaintiff is now the legal owner and holder of all the notes and mortgages in said petition set forth and praying that said defendents may pay said several sums of money now claimed to be due, amounting to $407, together with the interest thereon, or that said premises may be sold to pay the same, and the said Olle Kling is further notified that he is required to appear and answer said petition on or before the third Saturday after the 24th day of February, 1881.

J. H. TYLER, Plaintiffs Atty.
Napoleon, O., Jan. 12, 1881. $15.75 jan13-6t

Legal Notice.

John Reed, Plaintiff,
vs.
Rebecca A. Reed, Defendent.

Court of Common Pleas Henry County, Ohio, Petition for Divorce.

REBECCA A. REED, whose place of residence is unknown, is notified that John Reed, on the 16th day of December, 1880, filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Henry county, Ohio, a petition alleging in substance the marriage of said plaintiff and defendant, the willful absence of defendant from plaintiff for more than three years last past, and asking a divorce from the said Rebecca A. Reed. The defendant is required to appear and answer said petition on or before the 28th day of January, 1881.

HAAG & RAGAN, Attys for Plff.
Dec. 23, 1880.6t $6.00

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

IN pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of Henry county, Ohio, I will offer for sale at public auction on Saturday, the 26th, day of February, A. D., 1881, at 1 o'clock afternoon at the door of the Court House in the village of Napoleon, in said county of Henry, the following described real estate situate in the county of Henry and State of Ohio, to-wit:

The east half of the northwest quarter and the west half of the northeast quarter of section nineteen (19), township four (4) north, range eight (8) east, containing 160 acres of land more or less.

Appraised at $4,160.

Terms of sale—one-third in hand, one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the day of sale with interest; the payments to be secured by mortgage on premises sold.

A. J. ROBERTS,
Adm'r of William Fickle, de'cd.

F. M. Rummell, his Att'y.
Jan 25, 1881. $5.50